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Hymns and Services

FOR

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Sunday Circles

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

HYMNS AND SERVICES

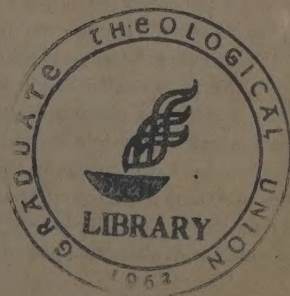
FOR

SUNDAY CIRCLES

SIXTEEN RESPONSIVE SERVICES (EIGHT CHORAL)
NINETY-THREE HYMNS (FORTY-TWO "REVIVAL")
ELEVEN FAMILIAR TUNES

Unity
113

FIRST THOUSAND



PRICE, 15 CENTS; \$1.50 PER DOZEN
UNITY OFFICE, 175 DEARBORN STREET
CHICAGO

2131
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H87
1890

PREFACE.

This little book, it is hoped, will find its special use in Sunday Circles and in young Churches not yet furnished with larger books; in Conference and Grove and Missionary meetings also. It contains all the elements of a simple service of worship,—introductory readings, responses either for reading or singing, prayers, hymns set to a few familiar tunes printed on the page with them and other hymns adapted to favorite “revival” melodies. With this in hand, and a printed sermon or chapter to read a circle of friends who wish for Sunday meetings in towns without a liberal church need wait for no minister; or a church separating for the summer vacation can resolve itself into twenty little chapels under the trees.

The book is mainly a combination of three “Unity Mission tracts” (Nos. 13, 11, 28; see page 50, below). The Choral Responses are borrowed from “Unity Hymns and Chorals.” At the end will be found a partial list of Unity tracts, with descriptions,—a list which itself offers not a few good sermons very cheaply for reading in the Sunday Circle. On the last two pages of the cover we try to hint in still other forms the outlooks and inspirations of the Liberal Faith.

The origin of the Responsive Services is told on page 1, below. Of the hymns many have been somewhat altered from authors’ forms: if the change is more than two or three words, *the author’s name is either printed in Italics*, or else—this way in the “Revival” hymns—the word *altered* is appended to the name. These “Revival” songs are an attempt to set popular airs to singing the thoughts and faiths we love. We trust our friends in neighbor churches will not grudge this use of the swing, the lilt, the pleading rhythm, which they have found heart-stirring, even in cases where their words are more or less changed to better serve our need. If freedom to change hymns in this way be questioned, we can but beg, as in the preface to “Unity Hymns and Chorals,”—“Allow it, friendly author, for the widened service which your heart’s song thereby secures: rejoice that you have sung a song in which, *with* alteration, you can help other hearts to rise towards God.”

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FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Unity Mission

No. 13.

Single copies, 5 cts.; 10 copies, 25 cts.

UNITY OFFICE, 175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

PREPARED BY JOHN R. EFFINGER.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| I. Truth. | V. Worship. |
| II. Righteousness. | VI. The True Service. |
| III. Love. | VII. Consolation. |
| IV. The God Within. | VIII. The Higher Law. |
-

These Services are intended primarily for the use of Sunday Circles formed in places where the help of a minister may not be easily obtained. It is hoped that they may promote the formation of such circles and prove an aid in the culture of the religious sentiment among thoughtful people met together in the name of truth. A second edition being called for, the original four services revised, with four new ones added, are herewith sent forth as Unity Mission Tract No. 13, to fill some provisional place in the religious reconstruction of the present time. In Service No. IV the Responsive Reading is taken entirely from Emerson,—from those passages in his writings which have opened to many souls doors into the Infinite Beauty and Majesty. The eighth Service,—composed of passages, with several slight verbal modifications to adapt them to their present use, selected from the writings of W. M. Salter, chiefly from the pages of "Ethical Religion,"—comes from a less familiar voice, but one that speaks out of the depths of spiritual insight and moral inspiration. It is presented in the hope that it may open to other souls some vision of that Infinite Moral Order to which we belong. The compiler's thanks are due both to the author and the publisher of "Ethical Religion" for permission to make these selections, to the several friends to whose counsel and suggestion is due much of whatever worth belongs to these Services, and to Mr. H. G. Spaulding and the John Church Co. for the use of the chant with which each Service concludes.

I. TRUTH.

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

Thou must be true thyself;
If thou the truth wouldst teach.

He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Be and not seem. To make our word or act sublime, we must make it real. How a man's truth comes to mind long after we have forgotten all his words! How it comes to us in silent hours, that truth is our only armor in all passages of life and death! Nature forever puts a premium on reality. The world is full of judgment days. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honor because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold.

Responses.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord and who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully.

Therefore speak every man truth with his neighbor; let not the tongue say what the heart denies.

He that speaketh the truth from the heart shall never be moved.

Great is Truth and mighty above all things;

All the earth calleth upon the Truth and the heaven blesseth it.

Truth endureth and is always strong.

And to be allied to it is life eternal.

* All works shake and tremble before Truth.

She liveth and conquereth forevermore.

She is more beautiful than the sun and above all the order of the stars;

She is the brightness of the everlasting light, the breath of the power of God, the image of his goodness.

She is the strength and kingdom and majesty of all ages.

And in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.

To this end was I born, said Jesus, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth.

He that loveth the Truth heareth the voice of God and abideth in the light.

For the Spirit teacheth all things, even the deep things of God;
Even the deep things of God, and his Truth shall make us free.

Prayer (all uniting).

Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, we thank thee for the truth and beauty thou dost spread before our minds. We thank thee that thou hast put some ray of thine own life in our souls, whereby we are taught of that which is true and divine. Let thy life appear in our lives. Let thy truth be spoken in our words. Let thy tenderness and holiness shine from our faces, and be manifested in all our ways. We would depart from evil and do good. We would love our fellow men and deal with them in the spirit of truth and gentleness and humility.

When we see the right, we know thy strength will help us as we try to live in it. If we are wrong, we know thy strength will hinder us, to teach the better way. And for the certain help and the sure and blessed hindering we thank thee. Amen.

Selections for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Now may the grace of a gentle, truthful spirit abide with us; may the power of holy thought and high endeavor open to us the riches of God and bring us into ever nearer communion with the source of all life and light and strength!

All sing.

Arr. by H. G. S.

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart be ac -

cept-a-ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re-deem-er. A - men.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

II. RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead.

In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.
He that doeth righteousness is righteous; in this the children of God are manifest.

No one can have a true idea of right until he does it; any genuine reverence for it, till he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it till he does it always and with alacrity.

Man should dare all things that he knows are right,
And fear to do no act save what is wrong;
But guided safely by his inward light,
And with a permanent belief and strong,
In Him who is our Father and our Friend,
He should walk steadfastly unto the end.

Responses

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness;
For they shall be filled.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee;
In whose heart are thy ways.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.
Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

The path of the just is as the dawning light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

For the Lord loveth righteousness,
And the upright shall behold his face.

The stars in their courses uphold the righteous;
The stones of the field are in league with him.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright;
The end of that man is peace.

Therefore be thou faithful in whatsoever thou doest
And stay thy soul on the everlasting right.

Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot;
Yea, thou shalt be steadfast and without fear.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness; let thy way be plain before
my face.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Prayer (all uniting).

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

Lesson for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction.

May we learn to walk in thy ways, O God, and may the peace which passeth
our knowing abide with us forevermore!

All sing.

Arr. by H. G. S.

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart be ac -

cept-a-ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re-deem-er. A - men.

III. LOVE.

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

So to the calmly gathered thought,
 The innermost of life is taught;
 The mystery, dimly understood,
 That love of God is love of good;
 That to be saved is only this—
 Salvation from our selfishness.

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.
 Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;
 Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

Owe no man anything but to love one another; for he that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law.

Love is its own perennial fount of strength. Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness, we conquer by forgiveness. Strive to enter into that large celestial charity which is meek, enduring, unretaliating, which overcometh evil with good and blesses even the undeserving and unthankful.

Responses.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God.

This is the message that we have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.

If thou bring thy prayer to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, go thy way! First be reconciled to thy brother,—then come and offer thy prayer unto God.

He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

Love your enemies and bless them that persecute you, that ye may become the children of your Father in heaven.

For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and
all knowledge, and though I have all faith so as to remove
mountains,

And have not love, I am nothing.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my
body to be burned,

And have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long and is kind;

Love envieth not;

Love vaunteth not itself;

Seeketh not its own;

Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endur-
eth all things.

Love never faileth.

Now abideth faith, hope and love, these three;

But the greatest of these is love.

Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children, and walk in love
with all lowliness and meekness.

With long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring
to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

Prayer (all uniting).

Thou Divine Love, whose providence is like the sky that containeth
all, thy peace be with us and with all men. Daily thy hand leads us,
daily thy bounty feeds us, daily thy light, thy liberty and law shine
within us. Help us daily to rejoice in thy goodness with thanksgiving,
and faithfully to follow thy law. Help us to walk in gentleness and
humility of spirit. May we think only clean, kindly and noble thoughts.
Thou hast made our lives brighter every day with thy love. We would
make other lives gladder with our love. Today may we heed thy voice
without us and within us, and be drawn unto thee in love and obedience
now and evermore. Amen.

Lesson for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction (all uniting).

May the Lord bless us and keep us! The Lord make his face to shine upon us
and be gracious unto us! The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us
and give us peace!

All sing: "Let the Words of My Mouth," etc., music on page 5.

IV. THE GOD WITHIN.

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

The God of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands; nor doth he receive service at the hands of men, as though he needed anything, since it is he that giveth to all life and breath and all things. And he hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth; that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from every one of us. For in him we live and move and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said: "We are his offspring."

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! For of him, and through him and unto him are all things.

Responses.

How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments.

It inspires in man an infallible trust. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the Heart of being.

Men speak of revelation as somewhat long ago given and done, as if God were dead.

But ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul.

Forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable.

The glory of the One breaks in everywhere.

O my brothers, God exists! There is a soul at the centre of nature and over the will of man, so that none of us can wrong the Universe.

We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.

When we have broken our god of tradition and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence.

He comes to the lowly and simple, to whomsoever will put off what is foreign and proud; he comes as insight; he comes as serenity and grandeur.

When a man says, "I ought;" when love warms him; when he chooses,
warned from on high, the good and great deed:

Then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme
Wisdom.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled.

If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of
God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God do enter
into that man with justice.

The dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart gives and is the as-
surance that Law is sovereign over all natures;

And the worlds, time, space, eternity do seem to break out into joy.

But if one would know what the great God speaketh, he must "go into
his closet and shut the door," as Jesus said. He must greatly
listen to himself:

And God shall be to him a sweet enveloping thought.

He shall learn the revelation of all nature and all thought to his heart:
This, that the Highest dwells with him.

We desire of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness to be led into the
truth. So may it be by our lowliness and seeking!

This we ask of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness.

Prayer (all uniting).

Infinite Life, Power, Beauty! Eternal Voice speaking in our
souls! Thine is the wisdom of the saint and seer, thine the light shin-
ing on the eyes of holy prophets, and thine the love that answereth
and filleth every prayerful spirit. We bless thee for thy voice within
us; for all holy souls that reveal thee, for all unknown and lowly peo-
ple whose daily lives are offerings heroic, sweet and beautiful to thee.
We thank thee for that within us which hungers and thirsts after thee
and will not be fed save with thy truth, thy justice and thy love. May
we hear and heed thy call and rise into the liberty and joy of thy
faithful children. Amen.

Selections for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction.

May the beauty of the God within be revealed in our daily living and may his
peace flow as a river in all our hearts!

All sing: "Let the Words of My Mouth," etc., music on page 5.

V. WORSHIP.

Scripture Readings.

Devoutly look, and naught but wonders shall pass by thee;
 Devoutly read, and then all books shall edify thee;
 Devoutly speak, and men devoutly listen to thee;
 Devoutly act, and then the strength of God acts through thee.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?

Though we do but lisp, even though we address God without opening our lips, we may cry to him from the inmost recesses of the heart. When the whole direction of the inmost soul is toward God, he always hears.

Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Our being is descending into us from we know not whence. I am constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine. As it is with events so it is with thoughts. When I watch that flowing river which out of regions that I see not, pours for a season its streams into me, I see that I am a pensioner; not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire and look up, and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some invisible energy the visions come.

Responses.

I was glad when they said unto me, Come, it is our holy day;

Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Let us take sweet counsel together.

Let our feet stand within his gates.

Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving and be joyful of heart before him.

Let heart and voice give thanks unto him; for the Lord is good,
 his mercy is everlasting and his truth endureth to all generations.

The hour cometh and now is when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

For the Father seeketh such to worship him.

He is nigh unto all that call upon him;

To all that call upon him in truth.

What though the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and he dwelleth not in temples made with hands!

What though his way is in the deep, and his knowledge is too wonderful for us!

Not warmed by the breath of his infinite love, we learn as an infant to lisp his name.

We lift up our eyes and behold his majesty, and find him our refuge and strong habitation.

O Lord, when we cry unto thee from the deep,

When we wait for thee as they that wait for the morning;

Then we know of a truth that thou hearest,
And thy love and thy mercy appear as the dawn.

Blessed be the Lord God of ages;
Who never ceaseth to draw more nigh.

His voice in the morning of the world was heard from afar;
In the evening he speaketh at the door and entereth to abide with
us forever.

Glory be to God most high; the ever blessed Father;
Who is, and was, and shall be, world without end. Amen.

Prayer (all uniting).

O Thou Infinite Spirit, we would be conscious of thy presence, we would reverence thy power, we would worship thy wisdom, we would adore thy justice, we would be glad in thy love. We live in thy world, we taste thy beauty, we breathe thine air; thy power sustains us, thy justice guides, thy goodness preserves, thy love blesses us forever and ever. Teach us, O Lord, to use this world wisely and well. May we have strength for the daily duty, patience for our constant or unaccustomed cross, and in every time of trial, the hope that sustains and the faith that wins the victory. In our heart and in our daily life, may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Selections for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction (all uniting).

Father, may we live everywhere as in thy house and by our reverence and love make our souls fit temples of thy holy spirit.

All sing.

Arr. by H. G. S.

Let the words of my mouth and the med · i · ta · tions of my heart be ac -

cept-a-ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re-deem-er. A - men.

VI. THE TRUE SERVICE.

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
 Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
 To worship rightly is to love each other,
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
 Of him whose holy work was doing good;
 So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
 Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

The true service of God is service of man. What canst thou do for God? Look around thee! His power and his glory shine on the eternal hills and flood thee with the sunrise of every morning. His providence surrounds thee and directs thy path. What canst thou do but give thy feet to run the errands of his goodness to men, thy hands to work the works of him that sent thee?

What canst thou do but fill thy heart at the fountain of eternal love and pour it forth again to thy brothers? What but take into thy soul his righteousness and let it shine forth in thy words and acts to sweeten all the world of human relations?

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me;
 And when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me.
 For I delivered the poor when they cried,
 And the fatherless, who had none to help him.
 The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me,
 And I caused the heart of the widow to sing for joy;
 I was eyes to the blind,
 And feet was I to the lame;
 I was a father to the poor,
 And the cause of him I knew not I searched out;
 I clothed myself with righteousness,
 And justice was my robe and diadem.

Responses.

This is the first and great commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength.

And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.

Who was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

He who was moved with compassion and bound up his wounds and took care of him.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Whoso giveth a cup of cold water only shall not lose his reward.

He that doeth it unto one of the least of these my brethren, said Jesus, doeth it unto me; and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me.

Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall save it.

Therefore bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.

Rejoice with them that rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

Be eyes to the blind and feet to the lame;
Loving not in word nor in tongue only, but in deed and in truth.

Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only.
And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto God.

Let us not be weary in well doing; love even your enemies, despairing of no one.

For in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Be not overcome of evil,
But overcome evil with good,

Keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace;
And the God of love and peace will be with us.

Prayer (all uniting).

O thou Infinite One, we would draw near unto thee who art never far from any one of us. Help us to live in unity with our fellow men, reconciling our interest to their interests and loving others as we love ourselves. Teach us, Father, to love the unlovely and those who evil entreat us, to lose ourselves in disinterested service, to toil for the weak and the wayward, to seek to save thy little ones from ignorance and wickedness, and to hasten that time when all men shall recognize the ties that bind them to thee and to one another. May we feel thy presence always around us and within us, and love the things that thou lovest and serve thee with the service of our daily lives. Amen.

Selections for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Father, may we do what thou givest us to do with our might, and in thy great peace abiding, may our hearts grow strong and brave for the work of righteousness and love!

All sing: "Let the words of my mouth," etc., music on page 3.

VII. CONSOLATION.

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

The eternal God is thy refuge; underneath us are the everlasting arms.

Blessed be God, even the Father of mercies and the God of comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them who are in trouble, by the comfort by which we ourselves are comforted of God.

O Lord, how happy is the time
 When in thy love I rest;
 When from my weariness I climb
 E'en to Thy tender breast.
 The night of sorrow endeth there,
 Thy rays outshine the sun;
 And in Thy pardon and Thy care
 The heaven of heavens is won.

That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. . . Shall not the heart which has received so much trust the Power by which it lives? May it not quit other leadings, and listen to the soul that has guided it so gently, and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?

Responses.

God is our refuge and strength;

A very present help in trouble,

A Father of the Fatherless,

A refuge for the oppressed.

Our dwelling place in all generations,

The confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them afar off
 upon the sea.

He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted
 within me?

Hope thou in God; thou shalt yet praise him for the help of his
 countenance.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all that be bowed down.

In the midst of trouble he will revive them;

None of them that put their trust in him shall be desolate.

Weeping may endure for a night,

But joy cometh in the morning;

He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed,
Shall surely come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with
him.

Return, O my soul, to thy rest for the Lord hath dealt bountifully
with thee.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.

Wait upon him and be of good courage,
And he will strengthen thine heart.

For thou lovest all things that are, for they are thine, O Lord, thou
lover of souls.

Neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come,
nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able
to separate us from the love of God.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
For his mercy endureth forever.

Prayer (all uniting).

O God, Thou art our help in trouble and the refuge of all thy
children in their distress. From everlasting to everlasting Thou art
God. To our weakness Thou art strength. In our darkness Thou art
light. To our sorrow Thou art comfort and peace. Thou hast given
us the great gift of life. Thou hast upheld us from our birth, and hast
filled our cup with blessing. Teach us always to trust in thee.

When our blessings vanish may we never murmur. By the shin-
ing of Thy candle in our heart may we see our way through darkness
unto light and journey from strength to strength, our hearts still
stayed on Thee. In our weakness and need, we turn unto Thee, who
art the light of all our being, the strength of all which is strong, the
wisdom of what is wise and the foundation of all things that are.

May we grow stronger and nobler by this world's varying good and
ill. May we learn from sorrow a deeper lesson than joy and gladness
bring until we come where tears are wiped from every eye, and all our
darkness is lost in the light of eternal love. Amen.

Selections for the Day

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction (all uniting).

God, even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting
consolation and good hope through grace, comfort our hearts and stablish
every good word and work.

All sing: "Let the words of my mouth," etc., music on page 14

VIII. THE HIGHER LAW,

Hymn.

Scripture Readings.

Open thou mine eyes,
That I may behold wondrous things out of thy law!

This commandment which I command thee this day is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in the heavens that thou shouldst say, Who will go up for us to the heavens and bring it to us, that we may hear it and do it? Nor is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who will go over the sea for us and bring it to us, that we may have it and do it? But the word is very nigh to thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayst do it.

That Supreme Spirit, which thou believest to be one with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy goodness and thy wicked-
DEED.

Look within. Within is the fountain of good. A good man is as a priest and minister of the gods; devoted to the Divinity which hath its dwelling within him.

Deep in the heart of every man is placed the voice of God to guide him. When he presses onward in virtue, it assists him and applauds; when he rushes into vice it struggles to arrest him, and when it is defeated, it records its bitter protest.

Responses.

There is a law in man's being, sacred, inviolable, revealed in his sense of what he OUGHT to be and do.

This higher law—the law above all laws—rests not on our consent.
It is here commanding us whether we consent or not.

It is not imposed from without, but given in the very nature of man.

The Law is quick and alive. It putteth a mark on the transgressor and avengeth itself on us, if we do it not. Things are so ordered that righteousness alone is stability and lasting order and permanent peace.

This law is not of our creation, not of to-day, nor of yesterday.

It has its source in that eternal realm whence suns and stars derive their orbits and everything the law of its being.

Man is made for the good; starting imperfect he is called to be perfect.

We are here to lift ourselves to the measure of perfect goodness.

Life is not for living merely, but for a perfect life, that each may live here as the citizen of an ideal kingdom.

What is wanting in us is not the power but the will to do and dare and suffer.

We belong to another state than that in which we live, to a divine commonwealth, and a man is to remember this higher citizenship as he walks the streets of his earthly city.

The higher law is that which commands us to seek the universal good. It must be brought home to man, that not food nor raiment nor shelter; not comfort nor ease; not science nor art are the end of existence, but the "kingdom of God."

If men and women would wake with to-morrow's sun to will the good which now lies like a half-formed vision in their minds, the wide earth might be a scene of justice,
And every city of our land transformed into a City of Light.

When man obeys the inner command, he feels the freshness of an eternal day in his heart.

The moral sentiment is deliverance,—it is the open door to infinite power.

A man may give up all that passes current as religion, yet if he bend before Truth and Justice and Love, if he feels that there is something sovereign in him which it were better to die than to forget, he is on the open highway to those truths and confidences which are the imperishable part of religion.

The moral sentiment blossoms into religious faith, as the buds of spring open out into leaf and flower.

The stars in heaven are not so grand as man living in obedience to the higher law, or dying when it is "better not to live."

We belong to peace; we belong to love; we belong to all that is covered by the sacred name of the Good.

We may not choose our task, but we can "choose to do it well."

The dignity that dignifies the highest is within reach of the lowliest.

In the midst of our works we can adore and pass into that central peace which laps the world about, which all our heat and worry cannot mar.

O let us count for good, for purity, for unselfishness, for all that makes human life strong and stable on the earth.

Prayer (all uniting).

O Thou Eternal One, we thank thee for the signs and tokens of thyself around about us everywhere. We thank thee for this new day,

for the broad earth beneath our feet, for the wonderful heavens above our heads. We thank thee that all these things teach us of thee. They tell us of thy greatness; they speak of thy wisdom and talk of thy power. But more than in all these things thou speakest to us in the still, small voice which whispers in our souls. May we be faithful to the duty which the day demands, and acquit us like men, doing with reverent spirit what should be done, and bearing with patience and courage what should be borne. May we heed thy voice without us and within us and be drawn unto thee in love and obedience now and evermore. Amen.

Selections for the Day.

Hymn.

Sermon.

Hymn.

Benediction (all uniting).

Bring us back, O our Father, to the knowledge of thy law; and may thy Spirit keep our hearts and minds in the understanding and love of the truth!

All sing. Arr. by H. G. S.

Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart be ac -

cept-a-ble in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re-deem-er. A - men.

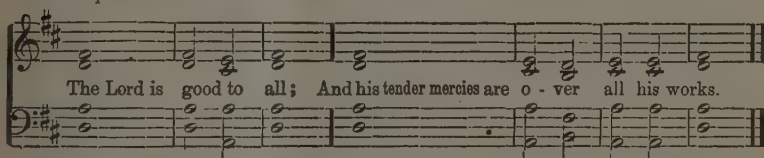
CHORAL RESPONSES.

To be sung by the congregation, or by the choir; or, if preferred, to be *read* by the congregation.
See the Orders of Service suggested on page 4 of the Preface.

I. NIGH UNTO ALL.

Minister. O, come, let us sing unto the Lord. Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving, and be joyful of heart before him. He is nigh unto all that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

People.



Minister. Thus saith the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the hearts of the contrite ones.

People. The Lord is | good to | all;

And his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.

Minister. Can a woman forget her child? Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee, saith our God.

People. The Eternal God | is our | refuge:

Underneath us are the | ever- | lasting | arms.

Minister. Neither death nor life, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God. Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before him.

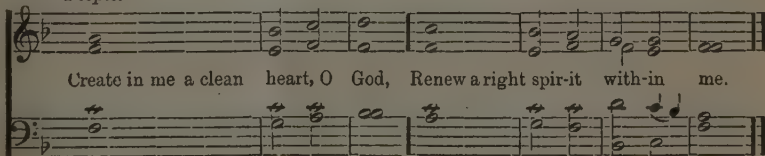
People. Trust ye in the | Lord for | ever:

For in the Lord, the Eternal, is | ever- | lasting | strength.

II. THE OFFERING.

Minister. Wherewith shall we come before the Lord, and bow ourselves before the Most High? He hath shown us in our hearts what is good, and what it is he doth require: to do justly; to love mercy; and to walk humbly with our God.

People.



Minister. If thou bring thy prayer to the altar and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, go thy way! First be reconciled to thy brother,—then come and offer thy prayer unto God. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart,
Try | me and | know my | thoughts.

Minister. And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have aught against any; that your Father, also, who is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.

People. Search me, O God, and | know my | heart;
Try | me and | know my | thoughts.

Minister. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good repute, whatever virtue there is, and whatever praise,—let us think on these things.

People. O, worship the Lord in the | beauty...of | holiness:
Serve him with | gladness, | all the | earth.

III. TENDER MERCIES.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

People.

Praise ye the Lord, who is King of all power and glo - ry.
O my soul, praise him; for joy-ful it is to sing prais - es.

Lift up the voice! Wake the sweet psalter and harp; Set holy music re - sound - ing.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thy sins, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds: he telleth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their names.

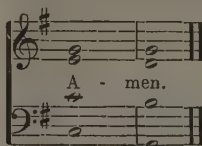
People. Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things;
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles;
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?

Minister. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters! They come trooping upon us! They break forth like mighty waters on every side! O, make thy goodness, health and strength unto us, that we may be thankful, dutiful and holy.

People. Praise ye the Lord, and behold with thine eyes all his mercies:
Out of the heavens his love raineth like unto rivers.
Think, O thou man, what is the might of his hand
Who daily meets thee with blessings.

Minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

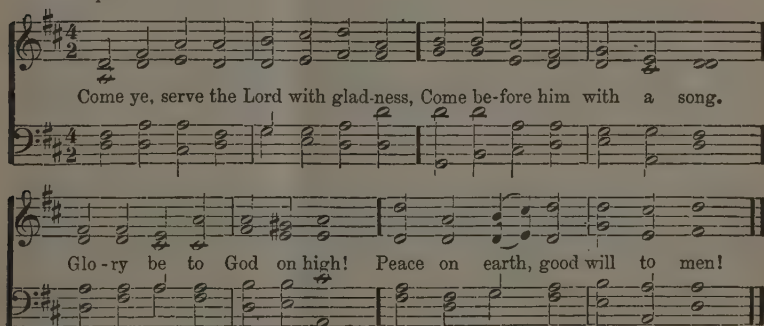
People.



IV. IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

Minister. I was glad when my companions said unto me, Come, it is our holy day; let us go into the house of the Lord; let us take sweet counsel together; let our feet stand within his gates, and heart and voice give thanks unto him. Peace to young and old that enter here, peace to every soul herein! The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace.

People.



Minister. Blessed be the Lord God that giveth beauty for ashes, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid? It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

People. Make not haste in time of trouble:

Patiently wait for the Lord.

We know all things work for good

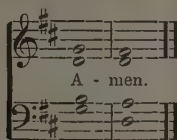
Unto them that love the Lord.

Minister. Blessed be the Lord God of Ages, who never ceaseth to draw more nigh! His voice in the morning of the world was heard from afar: in the evening he speaketh at the door, and entereth to abide with us forever. Manifold are thy witnesses, O God, and the angels of thine invisible presence: else had we never known thee. Lo! thou goest by us, and we see thee not: but the firmament declareth thy glory; the prophets proclaim thy judgments; the righteous wonder at thy law in their hearts; the patient find thee in the secret places of their sorrow, and their songs break out in melody to thee.

People. Holy, holy Lord Almighty,
Earth declares thy majesty,
And thy glory fills the heavens:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Minister. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.
For he is our God; we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

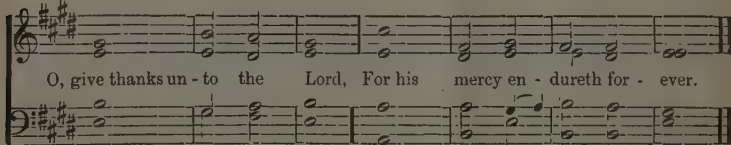
People. Come ye, serve the Lord with gladness,
Come before him with a song:
Glory be to God on high!
Peace on earth, good will to men!



V. THE REFUGE.

Minister. Blessed be God, the God who helpeth us; who beareth our burdens day by day. The Lord meeteth him that with rejoicing worketh righteousness, that remembereth him in his way. In all our ways let us acknowledge him, and he shall direct our paths.

People.



Minister. Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God! I shall yet praise him,—him my Deliverer, and my God!

People. His righteousness is like the | high... | mountains:
His | justice | is a...great | deep.

Minister. When I am in heaviness, I will think upon God: a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.

People. Thou wilt keep him in | perfect | peace,
Whose | mind is | stayed on | thee.

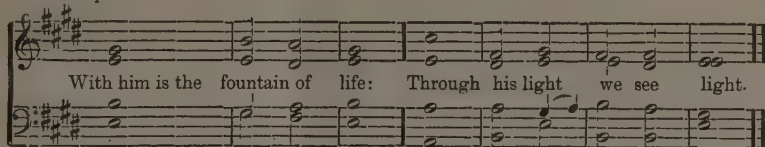
Minister. The Eternal is an Everlasting God. He fainteth not, neither is weary: and to them that have no might, he giveth abundant strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.

People. O give thanks un | to the | Lord,
For his | mercy...en- | dureth...for- | ever.

VI. THE STRENGTH OF THE HEAVENS AND THE HEART.

Minister. There is one God and Father of all, above all, and through all, and in us all: in him we live and move and have our being: of him and through him and to him, are all things.

People.



Minister. The heavens declare his glory; the firmament sheweth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth wisdom, night unto night sheweth knowledge.

People. O Lord, how manifold | are thy | works:
In wisdom | hast thou | made them | all.

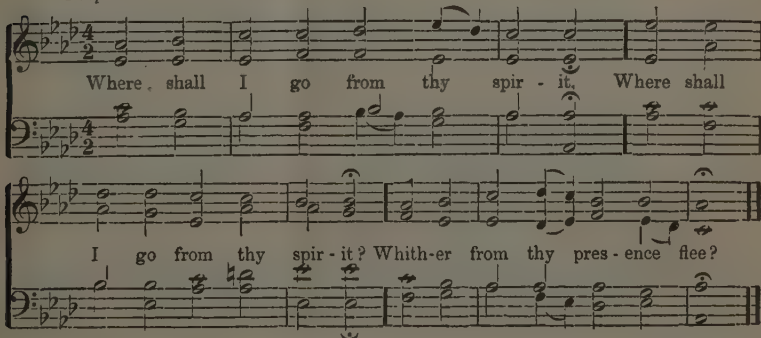
Minister. Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they whose ways are pure, who walk in the path of his commandments. Blessed are they who keep his statutes and who seek him with the whole heart.

People. Blessed is the man whose | strength...is in | thee:
In | whose heart | are thy | ways.
Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

VII. THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS.

Minister. O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me! Thou knowest my sitting-down and my rising-up: thou understandest my thoughts from afar: thou seest my path and my lying-down, and art acquainted with all my ways. Before the word is upon my tongue, behold, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether! Thou besettest me behind and before, and layest thine hand upon me! Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain to it.

People.



Minister. If I ascend into the heavens, thou art there. If I make my bed in the depths, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

People. Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.

Minister. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me,—even the night shall be light about me!

People. Yea, the darkness hides not from thee,
But the night shineth like day.

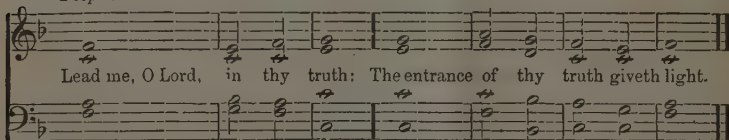
Minister. How precious to me are thy thoughts, O God! How great is the sum of them! If I count them, they outnumber the sands. When I awake, I am still with thee! Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

People. See if there be evil in me;
Lead me in thine holy way.

VIII. THE SONS OF GOD.

Minister. Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: for the Spirit of Truth will guide us into all truth, and we shall know the truth, and the truth will make us free.

People.



Minister. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts also, and given us the earnest of the Spirit within us whereby we lay hold of eternal life. This is the light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world: and as many as receive it, to them it giveth power to become the Sons of God.

People. Lead us, O Lord | in thy | truth:
Let thy truth pre- | serve us | ever- | more.

Minister. Jesus said: For this cause came I into the world, and to this end was I born,—that I should bear witness to the truth, and work the works of him that sent me. And if any one desires to come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross; for I came not to do mine own will, but the will of the Father that sent me: and whosoever will do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister.

People. They shall | know the | truth:
And the | truth shall | make them | free.

Minister. For the Spirit teacheth all things, even the deep things of God.

People. Even the deep | things of | God.
And his | truth shall | make us | free.
Glory be to the Father who | is in | heaven:
The | High and | Holy | One!
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be;
Worlds | without | end. A- | men.

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Chicago.

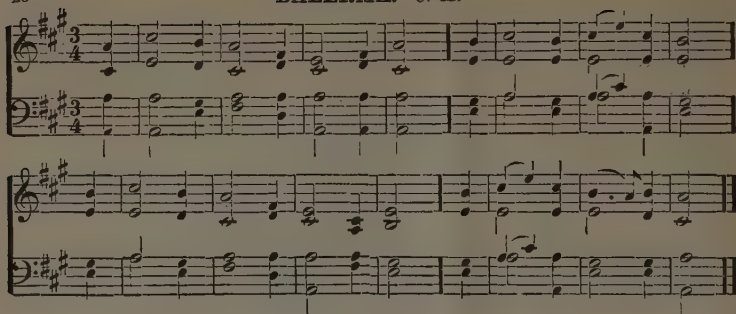
SONGS OF FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, SET TO OLD TUNES.

Selected from "UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Nearer to thee. <i>Bethany.</i></p> <p>NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!</p> <p>Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!</p> | <p>2. Hallelujah. <i>Old Hundred.</i></p> <p>FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Eternal Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!</p> <p>Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
The Truth thine everlasting Word!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>I. Watts.</i></p> <p>3. National hymn. <i>America.</i></p> <p>My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring!</p> <p>My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.</p> <p>Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light!
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!</p> |
|---|--|

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

S. F. SMITH.



4. The thought of God.

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise;
I feast at Life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God.

F. L. HOSMER

5. Jesus.

HE cometh not a king to reign,—
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

O Friend and Teacher of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
Thy words like heavenly music fall,
And draw our lives to thine!

J. G. Whittier.

6. All as God wills.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wherso'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good.

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

J. G. WHITTIER.

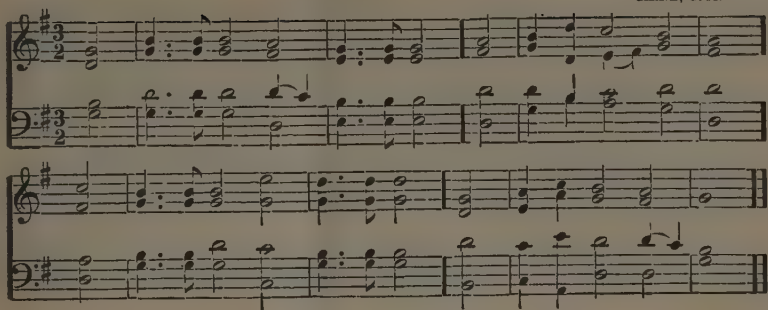
7. Auld lang syne.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.

They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

J. W. CHADWICK.



8. Love of God.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O Love of God most kind!

And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

9. Prayer. *Balerna.*

I do not pray, because I would,—
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust.

I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou still must be;
Yea, thou art God, and what thou art
Is ever best for me.

And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

J. W. CHADWICK.

10. On the field.

HE always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

And blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

F. W. FABER.

11. God-speed.

DEEP unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say,
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can wrest away,—
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day!
Then let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may!

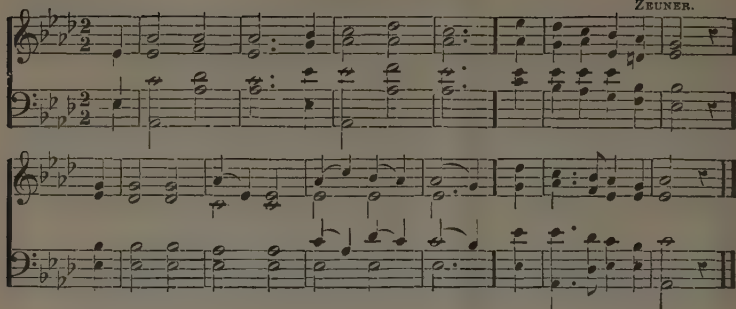
ANNA L. WARING.

12. Best prayer. *Balerna.*

HE prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

13. **The city of God.**

CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime!
 The true thy chartered freemen are,
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast high intent,
 One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth!
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands;
 Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

S. JOHNSON.

14. **To-day.**

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
 New love to give and take;
 Perchance new burdens I may bear
 To-day, for love's sweet sake.

New hopes to open in the sun;
 New efforts worth the will;
 Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
 More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
 Are in my hand to sow,
 Whereby, for others and for me,
 Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
 In shade across my way,
 It seems that nought my thoughts recall
 But life of every day,—

Yet if each step in shine or shower
 Shall be with thee for guide,
 Then blest be every happy hour
 That keeps me at thy side.

*From Chamber's Journal.*15. **Jesus.**

IMMORTAL by their deed and word,
 Like light around them shed,
 Still serve the prophets of the Lord,
 Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
 Yet floats upon the air;
 We hear it in beatitude,
 In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
 Shines star-like on our way,
 And breathes its calm amid the strife
 And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,
 That life of duty here,—
 The trust that in the darkest hour
 Looked forth and knew no fear!

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
 Speed on thy conquering way,
 Till every heart the Father own,
 And all his will obey!

F. L. HOSMER.

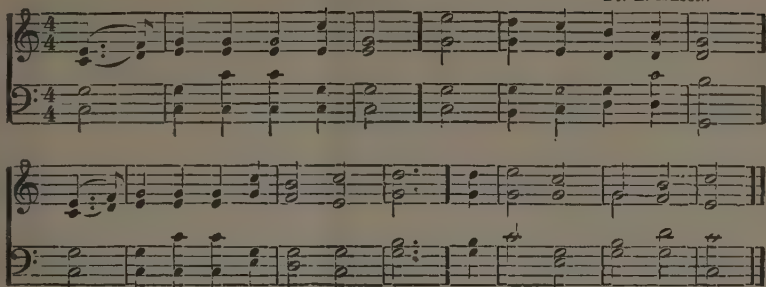
16. **The stream of faith.**

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,
 The hidden river runs;
 It quickens all the ages down,
 It binds the sires to sons,—
 The stream of Faith, whose source is God,
 Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
 Whose meadows are the holy lives
 Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood;
 And fresher, fuller grows
 A sense as if the sea were near
 Towards which the river flows.
 O thou, who art the secret Source
 That rises in each soul,
 Thou art the Ocean, too,—thy charm,
 That ever deepening roll!

W. C. GANNETT.

Dr. L. MASON.



17. Let us go.

COME, brothers, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And be the way or bright or dark,
He journeys at our side.
Come, brothers, let us go!
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards us round about.
The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, when they fall;
In love and peace and quiet go:
God's blessing keep us all!

Tr. from G. Tersteegen.

18. The elixir.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.
All may of thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
That with the tincture, "For thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.
My heart, learn well this clause,
And all thy work will shine;
To toil as for God's holy laws
Makes drudgery divine!

G. Herbert.

19. Never far.

FOREVER with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,—
"T is immortality!
I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
And then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

J. Montgomery.

20. Burdens dropped.

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."
While Providence supports,
Let hearts securely dwell:
That hand, which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his children well.
His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away!

P. DODDRIDGE.

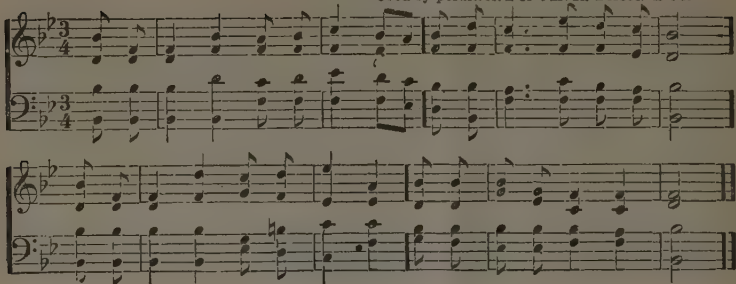
21. Prayer-answer.

At first I prayed for Light:—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!
And next I prayed for Strength:—
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.
And then I asked for Faith:—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;—
And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

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22. God is love.

GOD is Love: his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bless he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

J. BOWRING.

23. Our prayer.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

ANON.

24. Onward, upward.

ONWARD, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone:
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee,—press thou on!

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the Mount of Vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver:
O, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus,—“Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!”

S. JOHNSON.

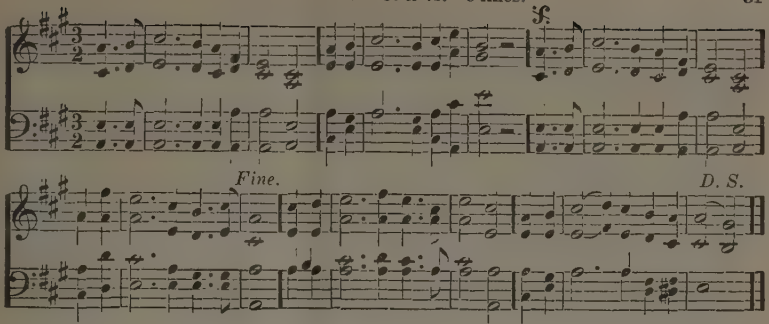
25. God.

THERE's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER



26. Indwelling.

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Father, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart!

Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive
 Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave!

C. WESLEY

28. For joy and peace.

HOLY Spirit, Source of Gladness!
 Come with all thy radiance bright;
 O'er our weariness and sadness
 Breathe thy life, and shed thy light;
 Send us thine illumination;
 Banish all our soul's annoy;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of unfailing Joy!

Let the Peace, which knows no measure,
 Now in quickening showers descend,
 Bringing us the richest treasure
 Man can wish or God can send:
 Hear our earnest supplication;
 Every struggling heart release;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of untroubled Peace!

Tr. from P. Gerhardt.

27. Twilight. Stockwell.

Now, on land and sea descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound;
 Let our vesper hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story,
 Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
 To his care, who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
 At his touch our burdens fall.
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo! eternal stars arise;
 Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
 Shining in the spirit's skies.

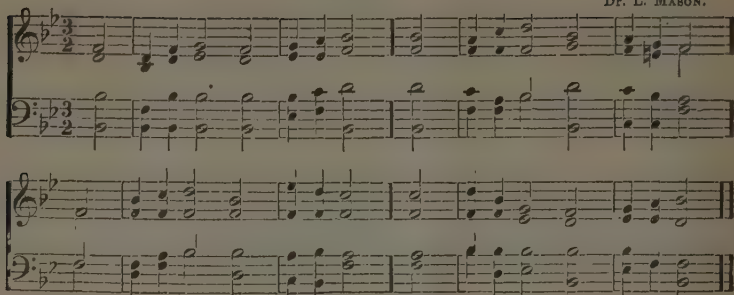
S. LONGFELLOW.

29. The choice.

Then to side with Truth is noble
 When we share her wretched crust,
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit
 And 'tis prosperous to be just;
 Then it is the brave man chooses,
 While the coward stands aside
 Till the multitude make virtue
 Of the faith they had denied.

Though the cause of Evil prosper,
 Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
 Though her portion be the scaffold,
 And upon the throne be Wrong,—
 Yet that scaffold sways the future,
 And, behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the Shadow,
 Keeping watch above his own!

F. R. Lowell



30. For truth and love.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That Truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That Love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

31. Old and new.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal
Right!

And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of
fear

A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

32. With wider view.

With wider view come loftier goal!
With broader light, more good to see!
With freedom, more of self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy Truth shall lead:
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

S. LONGFELLOW.

33. O'er seas of God.

The winds that o'er my ocean run
Reach through all worlds beyond the sun;
Through life and death, through fate,
through time,
Grand breaths of God they sweep sublime!

The wind ahead? The wind is free!
Forevermore it favo'reth me:
To shores of God still blowing fair,
O'er seas of God my bark doth bear.

O thou God's mariner, heart of mine!
Spread canvas to the airs divine!
Spread sail, and let thy Fortune be
Forgotten in thy Destiny!

D. A. WASSON.

34. All souls. Miss'y Chant.

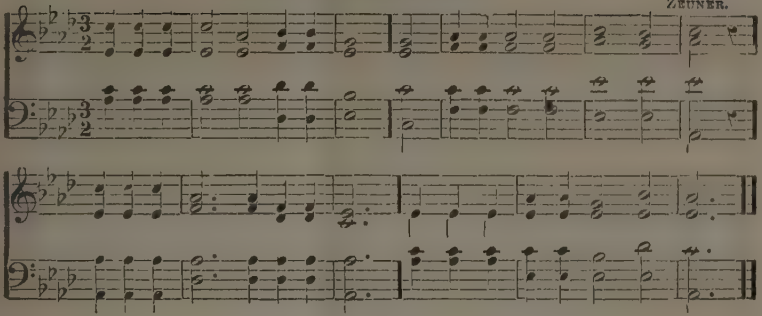
O Love Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou
know'st;

Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

J. G. WHITTIER.



35. In all.

God of the earth, the sky, the sea !
 Maker of all above, below !
 Creation lives and moves in thee,
 Thy present life through all doth flow.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
 Thy life is in the quickening air ;
 When lightnings flash and storm-winds
 blow,
 There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
 Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
 And, when the morning breaks in power,
 We hear thy word, "Let there be light!"

But higher far, and far more clear,
 Thee in man's spirit we behold ;
 Thine image and thyself are there,—
 The Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

S. LONGFELLOW.

36. Fellowship.

WHEREVER through the ages rise
 The altars of self-sacrifice,
 Where love its arms hath opened wide,
 Or man for man has calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread
 That hovered o'er the Master's head ;
 And in all lands beneath the sun
 The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
 The martyr-souls of heathendom,
 And to his cross and passion bring
 Their fellowship of suffering.

And the great marvel of their death
 To the one order witnesseth,—
 Each, in his measure, but a part
 Of thy unmeasured Over-Heart!

F. G. Whittier.

37. Greeting.

O LIFE, that makest all things new,—
 The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
 Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
 In gladness hither turn again :
 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
 From eye to eye the signals run,
 From heart to heart the bright hope glows,
 The lovers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
 One in the joy of paths untrod,
 One in the soul's perennial youth,
 One in the larger thought of God ;
 The freer step, the fuller breath,
 The wide horizon's grander view,
 The sense of life that knows no death,—
 The Life that maketh all things new!

S. LONGFELLOW

38. Common cares.

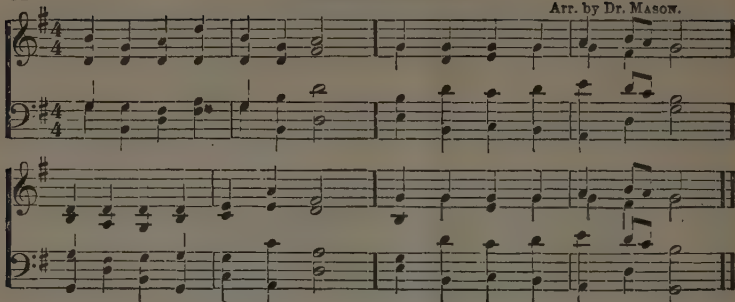
Oh, could we learn true sacrifice,
 What lights would all around us rise!
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
 Room to deny ourselves; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
 Let present comfort, rapture, ease,
 As heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
 The secret this of rest below.

The secret this, in thy dear love,
 Of that more perfect rest above!
 Lord, help us, every tired day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

F. Kabla.



39.

The soul.

WHAT is this that stirs within,
 Loving goodness, hating sin,
 Always craving to be blest,
 Finding here below no rest?
 What is it? and whither, whence,
 This unsleeping, secret sense,
 Longing for its rest and food
 In some hidden, untried good?
 'Tis the Soul,—mysterious name!
 Him it seeks from whom it came.
 While I muse, I feel the fire
 Burning on, and mounting higher.
 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
 O thou Infinite, Unknown!
 Still it presseth, till it see
 Thee in all, and all in thee.

W. H. FURNESS.

40.

Out of self.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give!
 All is gain that I receive:
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful, so the work be thine.
 Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of thy grace;
 Let me find in thine employ
 Peace, that dearer is than joy.
 If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer thee.
 Make my mortal dreams come true
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant!
 Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude.

John G. Whittier.

41.

Before thee.

Lo! we stand before thee now,
 And our silent, inward vow
 Thou dost hear in that profound,
 Where is neither voice nor sound.

Not by any outward sign
 Dost thou show thy will divine;
 Deep within thy voice doth cry,
 And our quickened souls reply.

Thou dost hear, and thou wilt bless
 With thy strength and tenderness:
 Lo! we come to do thy will;
 With thy life our spirits fill.

J. W. CHADWICK.

42.

Heirship.

Heir of all the ages, I,—
 Heir of all that they have wrought,
 All their store of emprise high,
 All their wealth of precious thought!

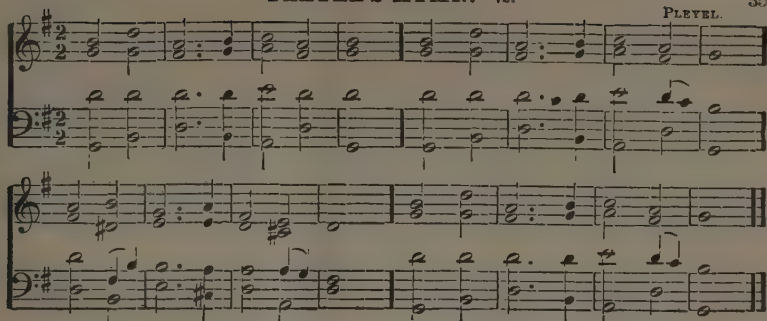
Every golden deed of theirs
 Sheds its lustre on my way;
 All their labors, all their prayers,
 Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned
 By their passion and their tears;
 Heir of all that they have learned
 Through the weary, toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime,
 On whose wings they soared to heaven;
 Heir of every hope that Time
 To earth's fainting sons hath given;

Aspirations pure and high;
 Strength to do and to endure;—
 Heir of all the ages, I,—
 Lo, I am no longer poor!

JULIA C. R. DODD.



43. Life of ages.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

S. JOHNSON.

44. Daily mercies.

TENDER mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to thee
Be an everlasting song!

ANNA L. WARING.

45. The offering.

LORD! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;

Quiet thoughts at peace with all;
Wrongs forgiven into rest;
Sympathy intent to call
Sorrow from the wounded breast.

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee, and all mankind.

John Taylor.

46. Inspiration.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine!
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

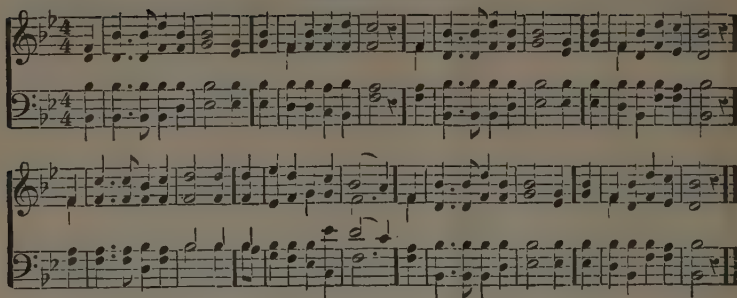
Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well! forever spring."

S. LONGFELLOW.



47. He knoweth.

UNTO our heavenly Father
 We will not fear to pray
 For little needs and longings
 That fill our every day;
 And when we dare not whisper
 A want that lieth dim,
 We say "Our Father knoweth,"
 And leave it all to him.
 For his great love hath compassed
 Our nature and our needs:
 We know not; but he knoweth,
 And he will bless indeed.
 Therefore, O heavenly Father,
 Give what is best to me;
 And take the wants unanswered
 As offerings made to thee.

*Anon.*48. My Shepherd. *Portuguese.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall
 I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters
 flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems
 when oppressed.
 Through the valley and shadow of death
 though I stray,
 Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
 stay;
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter
 near.
 In the midst of affliction my table is
 spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
 neth o'er;
 As a king well-belovèd thou crownest my
 head:
 Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence
 more?

J. Montgomery.

49. Indwelling.

THE heavens thy praise are telling,
 The earth declares thy might:
 But nought save thine indwelling
 Can show thee, Lord, aright.
 Where'er our eyes are turning,
 Thy foot-prints we can see;
 The light *within* us burning
 Alone revealeth thee.
 We know no life divided,
 O Lord of life, from thee;
 In thee is life provided
 For all humanity:
 We know no death, O Spirit,
 Because we live in thee,
 And all our souls inherit
 Thine immortality.

Anon.

50. Strength, love, light.

O THOU almighty Will!
 Faint are thy children till
 Thou come with power:
 Strength of our good intents,
 In our frail hour Defence,
 Calm of faith's confidence,
 Come, in this hour!
 O thou most tender Love!
 Deep in our spirits move:
 Tarry, dear Guest!
 Quench thou our passion's fire,
 Raise thou each low desire,
 Deeds of brave love inspire,
 Quickener and Rest!
 O Light, serene and still!
 Come and our spirits fill,
 Bring in the day!
 Guide of our feeble sight,
 Star of our darkest night,
 Shine on the path of right,
 Show us thy way!

Tr. from King Robert of Anjou.

LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN.

1. The Lord of All.

Tune, "Coronation", in G. H., 101.

Sing forth his high, eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defense and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call.
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,—
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

2. Hallelujah.

Tune, "Old Hundred", in F. Sq., 181. (H. T., 2.)

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Eternal Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
The Truth thine Everlasting Word!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

ISAAC WATTS (Altered).

3. Everywhere and Evermore.

Tune, "Ring the Bells of Heaven" ("Anthem of the Free"), in G. H., 19.

Over all the prairies, rich with growing
corn,
Over sandy marshes waste and bare,
Over wind-blown mountains, where the
streams are born,
Rule eternal Right and loving Care.

Chorus: Ever, ever shall the Right prevail!
Never, never shall the promise
fail,
Writ in wondrous letters on the
sea and shore:
Lo! the Lord shall reign forever-
more.

Love, that holds the planets constant on
their way,
Guides the swallow's flight to sunny
skies,
Leads the nations upward to the perfect
day,
Yet reveals itself in baby eyes.

Fears and doubting vanish, all the way
seems plain,
Hidden meanings flash upon our sight;
Trials turn to blessing, peace blooms out
of pain,
Love is one with universal Right.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

4. Heavenly Helper.

Tune, "Pass Me Not", in G. H., 27.

Unto thee, abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavor,
Holy thought and deed!

Chorus: Heavenly Helper, present to my
need,
Though all other helpers fail me,
Thou art mine indeed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
 Heal the broken heart,
 Bring in turn the morn and even,—
 Law and Love thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about thee,
 Just and sure thy throne,—
 Not a sparrow falls without thee,
 All to thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
 All things in and through,—
 Light thou art of all my seeing,
 Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
 Thou my trust shalt be;
 Whom have I on earth beside thee,
 Whom in heaven but thee?

F. L. HOSMER.

5. There is a Light.

Tune, "There is a Fountain", in G. H., 91.

There is a Light that cannot fade,
 A Light forever true;
 It knows not time by sun and shade,
 But thrills all Nature through.

Chorus: It thrills all Nature through with
 love,
 It thrills all Nature through;
 It knows not time by sun and
 shade,
 But thrills all Nature through.

Though darkness blind these eyes of
 sense,
 Though grief or doubt appall,
 My soul hath caught that Light intense,—
 I trust, and do not fall.

Chorus: I trust, and cannot fall from
 love—

And he who guards through childhood's
 day,
 Who watches while we sleep,
 Will be the Light in death's dark way,
 His children there to keep.

Chorus: His children there to keep by
 love—

Lo! on the storm-cloud's rolling crest,
 And violets in the shade,
 In hearts that break and hearts that rest,
 One Light—that cannot fade!

Chorus: One Light that cannot fade for
 love—

J. N. SPRIGG.

6. Summer Days.

Tune, "Shining Shore", in S. S., 52. (H. T., 852.)

The days are gliding swiftly by,
 The days so bright and golden,
 In leaf and flower the summer writes
 Her poem sweet and olden.

Chorus: The golden days, the long bright
 days,
 The gladdest of the year,
 The green grass springs, the wild
 bird sings,
 The summer time is here!

The earth is warm with life and joy,
 The air is full of splendor,
 And unto all the south wind brings
 Her message sweet and tender.

O Giver of these summer hours!
 All nature gives thee praises,
 From mountain peak to where the flower
 Its lowly bloom upraises.

And at thy feet we too would sing,
 With all thy creatures living,
 A song of mirth, a song of joy,
 A song of glad thanksgiving.

MRS. E. H. LELAND.

7. Consider the Lilies.

Tune, "Happy Greeting."

Consider the lilies,
 How stately they grow!
 They toil not, they spin not,
 No seed do they sow;
 Yet they bloom all the summer,
 So shining and tall,—
 The Father, who loves them,
 Takes thought for them all.

Chorus: The flowers of the field,
 The birds of the air,
 And the hearts of his children,
 All rest in his care.

Consider the ravens,—
 Who gives them their food?
 Who shelters their nests in
 The storm-beaten wood?
 Who guides the young sparrow?
 Who watches its fall?
 Their Father in Heaven
 Takes heed for them all.

Our Father in heaven,
 Thy children on earth
 Than lilies or ravens
 Thou holdest more worth:
 Oh, guide us and guard us,
 Be near when we call,
 Uphold us, enfold us,—
 We thank thee for all!

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

8. A Little Boat.

Tune, "The Great Physician", in G. H., 56.

My life is like a little boat
Upon a mighty river;
It rocks and sways but keeps afloat,
And swift the current ever.

Chorus: Asking not to know the way,
Wishing not to turn or stay,
Floating ever night and day,
Onward to the ocean.

Sometimes the skies are soft and fair,
And bright the summer weather,
And loving voices fill the air,
As boats glide on together.

Sometimes the skies are dark as night,
And not a star shines o'er me;
It's often hard to steer aright
When rocks are just before me.

And yet I know the Love, that guides
The boats upon the river,
Will keep me safe, whate'er betides,
Forever and forever.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

9. The Love of God.

Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus", in G. H., 29.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as tender babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best,—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

SAXE HOLM.

10. Twilight.

Tune, "Vesper Hymn" in H. T., 163; or, "Green-ville", in H. T., 56.

Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving,—
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

11. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 77.

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of
prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

W. W. WALFORD.

12. What a Friend we Have Beside Us.

*Tune, "What a Friend we have in Jesus," in
G. H., 29.*

What a Friend we have beside us,
All our sins and griefs to share!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,—
Take it to thy God in prayer!
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Yes, he knows our every weakness,—
Take it to thy God in prayer!

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Rest thee, calm thee in the refuge,—
Take it to the Friend in prayer!
Do friends here despise, forsake thee?
Thou wilt find a solace there;
In his arms he safe will shield thee,—
Take it to thy God in prayer!

Altered.

13. Trust in God.

Tune, "Robt'n Adair," in F. Sq., 76.

What makes thy heart so sad?
Why thus cast down?
Thy Father loves thee still,
'Tis not his frown.
Fear not a threatening sky,
Fear not the tempest nigh,
Naught harms when he is by,—
Dear child, trust him!

What makes thy happy heart
More warmly glow?
Why does each earthly joy
More sweetness know?
'Tis that the Father's care
Surrounds thee everywhere,
Lifting thy heart in prayer,—
Dear child, trust him!

When, on that lonely shore
Of Ocean grand,
Thy weary pilgrim feet
Shall waiting stand,
Thou shalt in peace abide;
One waiteth at thy side,
His are the islands wide,—
Dear child, trust him!

MARY A. BULLOCK.

14. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 175; or better, that by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before!
He, our royal brother,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle
See his banners go.

Chorus: Onward, Christian soldiers.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and duty,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
Truth and Love and Duty
Star-like will remain,
As the heavens ancient,
As the heavens strong,—
God is for us, brothers,
Who can do us wrong?

S. BARING-GOULD (*Altered*).

15. The Old, Old Story.

Tune, "Tell me the Old, Old Story," in G. H., 87.

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of heavenly grace and glory,
Of heavenly power and love.
Weary and weak, I've wandered
O'er dry and barren sand;
Oh, show me the royal highway
That leads to the better land!

Chorus: Tell me the old, old story
Of heavenly grace and glory;
Tell me the old, old story
Of heavenly power and love.

Show me the living pastures
Where the flocks of God are fed,
Show me the faithful Shepherd
By whom each lamb is led.
Will he forsake the straying,
Or spurn the weak and small?
Oh! sure his fold and heart-room
Are large enough for all.

Chorus: Tell me the old, old story.

Listen, O weary wanderer,
To the still small voice within,
'Twill show the way thou seekest,
And lead thee out of sin.
For he who spake in Jesus
And all the saints of old,
Is the ever-present Shepherd
Who calls thee to his fold.

Chorus: God, within and o'er thee,
The God of grace and glory,
Tells thee his own story
Of heavenly power and love.

CHARLES G. AMES.

16. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 65.

Saints and saviors light the headlands,
Quenchless beacons evermore,
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Chorus: Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling
seaman,
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:
Some poor sailor, tempest-tost,
Trying now to make the harbor,
In the darkness may be lost.

P. P. BLISS (*Altered*).

17. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 3.

I need thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord!
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Chorus: I need thee, oh, I need thee!
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Father!
I come to thee.

I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

I need thee every hour,
In joy, in pain:
My life must hide in thee,
Or life is vain.

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One!
That I at last may be
Thy faithful son.

MRS. A. S. HAWKS (*Altered*).

18. None So Weak and None So Sinful.

Tune, "The Precious Name", in G. H., 72.

Dearest of all earthly treasures
Is the Father's precious name;
None so weak and none so sinful
But their Father's love may claim.

Chorus: Precious name, Oh how sweet,
Lifting all souls nearer heaven!
Precious name, Oh how sweet,
Lifting all souls nearer heaven!

As the moon in depths of midnight
Bears the sun's reflected beams,
So the erring soul has moments
When his radiance o'er it streams.

There's no atom, howe'er hidden,
But with life shall sometime thrill;
There's no soul so sin-enshrouded
Love may not its darkness fill.

So inspire us, O our Father,
Till this truth shall touch the heart,
And we, too, stretch arms of patience,
Winning those who walk apart.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

19. Just as I Am.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 54.

Just as I am,—without one plea
But that thy love is seeking me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose love will search each spot,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O loving God! I come.

Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve,
My shame is all that I can give,—
Yet, loving God! I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (*Altered*).

20. Homeward.

Tune, "Rock of Ages", in G. H., 86.

Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who strayed so long ago,
Strayed so far, and fell so low!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me.

I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the willful prodigal!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

To my Father can I go?—
At his feet myself I'll throw!
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

See, my Father waiting stands!
See, he reaches out his hands!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!
God is Love! I know, I see
There is love for me—even me!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW (*Altered*).

21. Love Hath the Victory.

Tune, "Rescue the Perishing", in G. H., 18.

Is there a human soul
Lost and despairing?
God is about it, beneath, everywhere;
Still in his wise control,
Just and forbearing,
Still is the wanderer under his care.

Chorus: Love hath the victory!
 Good wins the battle!
 Home shall the erring come,
 Home unto God!

Striving, one overthrows
 Maddening temptation,—
 God's in the fallen soul, moving to save;
 Through every creature flows
 His inspiration;
 Hear we his voice in the good that we crave.

'Neath stripes and burning stings
 New life is stealing,
 Faith in the Father, and reverence for right;
 Pain leads to noble things,
 Heaven revealing,
 Sweet paths of peace, and divine tender
 light.

MINNIE S. SAVAGE.

22. Nearer to Thee.

Tune, "Bethany", in F. Sq., 23. (H. T., 621.)

Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

23. Help for the Faithful.

Tune, "Rest for the Weary", in S. S., 74.

Oh, the Father's hands are helping
 In the work you have to do:
 Have you never felt them lifting
 When the task was hard for you?

Chorus: There is help for the faithful,
 There is help for the faithful,
 There is help for the faithful,
 There is help for you.

Though the day be dark with sorrow,
 And the way be hard and long,
 Yet his love shall light the morrow,
 And in his strength you are strong.

What your hands find good in doing,
 Do you, then, with all your might:
 Though the work be plain and lowly,
 It is blessed in his sight.

Oh, be patient in your striving,
 "Learn to labor and to wait";
 And the Father's love shall lead you,
 When the way is steep and straight.

MRS. E. H. LELAND.

24. What shall the Harvest Be?

Tune of same name, in G. H., 79.

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Chorus: Sown in the darkness or sown in
 the light,
 Sown in our weakness or sown in
 our might,
 Gathered in time or eternity,
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will
 spoil,

Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come
 Gladly to gather the harvest home;
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

EMILY S. OAKLEY.

25. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Tune of same name, in F. Sa., 118. (S. S., 95.)

Work, for the night is coming !
 Work through the morning hours ;
 Work while the dew is sparkling ;
 Work 'mid springing flowers ;
 Work when the day grows brighter ;
 Work in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming !
 Work through the sunny noon ;
 Fill brightest hours with labor ;
 Rest comes sure and soon ;
 Give every flying moment
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming !
 Under the sunset skies,
 While the bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies ;
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

26. Work for thy God, thy Father.

Tune, "One More Day's Work for Jesus", in G. H., 28.

Work for thy God, thy Father,
 While yet 'tis called the day ;
 For life grows dearer,
 As death draws nearer
 The busy hand to stay.
 Work while 'tis day,
 Do bravely while ye may.

Cho.: Work for thy God, thy Father,
 Work for thy God, thy Father,
 Work for thy God, thy Father,
 While yet 'tis called the day !

Oh, work thou for thy brother,—
 Thy brother's need is great ;
 The time for winning
 The weak, the sinning,
 Is now,—dare not to wait ;
 Feel thou his need,
 Do thou the noble deed.

Cho.: Work, work thou for thy brother,
 Work, work thou for thy brother,
 Work, work thou for thy brother—
 Thy brother's need is great.

Thy brother and thy Father,—
 The work, O soul, is one !
 The painful labor,
 Done for thy neighbor,
 For God is also done.

Cho.: His smile will light
 The dark and troubled night,
 When work for man and brother,
 When tears for man and brother,
 When prayers for man and brother,
 Are ended here and done.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

27. "Think on These Things."

Tune, "Wonderful Words of Life", in G. H., 282.

Whatsoever is just and pure,
 Think on these things, my soul !
 Earth shall vanish, but these endure,
 Think on these things, my soul !
 When all else shall fail thee,
 These shall still avail thee ;
 Think on these things, strive for these
 things,
 Cherish these things, my soul !

Truth and honor, they call to thee,
 Think on these things, my soul !
 What of virtue and praise there be,
 Think on these things, my soul !
 These have been the glory
 Of all human story ;
 Think on these things, strive for these
 things,
 Cherish these things, my soul !

Faithful spirits before have gone,
 Think on these things, my soul !
 Grand thy heritage, hero-won,
 Think on these things, my soul !
 From all brave endeavor
 Springeth good forever ;
 Think on these things, strive for these
 things,
 Cherish these things, my soul !

F. L. HOSMER.

28. The Hope of the World is Loving.

Tune, "The Light of the World is Jesus", in G. H., 41.

Away with all thought that is selfish and
 cold,—

The hope of the world is loving ;
 In generous deeds let the spirit be bold,—
 The hope of the world is loving !

Chorus: Fountain of Love ! our source is
 in thee ;
 Doing thy will the spirit is free.
 Beautiful day, when all of us see
 The hope of the world is loving !

How dark is the soul in its bondage of sin—
The hope of the world is loving;
But never too dark for a dawn to begin,—
The hope of the world is loving!

And all the sad faces of earth shall be
glad,—

The hope of the world is loving;
The deserts shall bloom, and with laughter
be clad,—

The hope of the world is loving!

Oh, joy then to live for the spirit's release—

The hope of the world is loving;
And see even here the fair City of Peace,—
The hope of the world is loving!

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

29. Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 61.

Go bury thy sorrow,
The world hath its share;
Go bury it deeply,
Go hide it with care;
Go think of it calmly
When curtain'd by night;
Thy God will sustain thee,
And all will be right.

Go gather the sun-light
He sheds on thy way;
Go share with thy brother
Each life-giving ray;
Hearts growing weary
With heavier woe
Are drooping in darkness,
Go comfort them, go!

Go tell it the Father,
He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it the Father,
He'll send thee relief;
Go bury thy sorrow,
Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,—
Tell God all the rest.

MARY A. BULLOCK.

These words, heretofore published anonymously, are here given with the author's name and amendments.

30. Father, I Need Thee.

Tune, "Almost Persuaded", in G. H., 76.

Father, I need thee! troubles abound,
Billows on billows break all around;
Hold out thy saving hand,
Help me in faith to stand;
Thou dost the waves command,—
I shall not sink.

Father, I need thee! dangers are near;
Thine arm around me, I will not fear.
Teach me thy voice to know
Speaking so clear and low,—
"Fear not, with thee I go,
Thou shalt o'ercome!"

Father, I hear thee! hear and obey,
Know thou art near me, near me always,—
Near me when troubles lower,
Near in temptation's hour,
Near me, O Love and Power!
Yea, more than near!

Father, I trust thee! thou wilt defend,
Comfort and guard me, on to the end.
Still would I do my part,
Keep a brave, cheerful heart;
Since thou my helper art,
I shall not fall.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

31. Dare to be a Daniel.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 168.

Standing by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

Chorus: Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's Band.

Many evils, proud and tall,
Lording all the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.

Are you little, never fear,—
Dare to lend a hand!
You can be a giant's peer
If once in Daniel's Band.

P. P. B. (Altered.)

32. He Leadeth Me.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 51.

He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Chorus: He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur or repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

J. H. GILMORE.

33. Truth and Righteousness and Love.

Tune, "Sweet By-and-By", in G. H., 204.

The Truth is the Voice of the God,
 Ever sounding in deeps of the heart;
 Bidding climb, where no pathway is trod,
 To his Sinai alone and apart.

Chorus: For the Truth and the Right,
 For the Truth and the Right and
 the Love,
 Thou must climb, thou must climb
 To the Sinai alone and apart.

The Right is the Will of the God;
 'Tis the deed done by earth, sea and sky;
 'Tis the law in the soul and the clod,
 And the stars serve in courses on high—

Chorus: Serve the Truth and the Right,
 Serve the Truth and the Right and
 the Love!

'Tis the law in the soul,
 And the stars serve in courses on
 high.

And Love is the Heart of the God,
 And to love is the Christ in a man;
 On the errands of angels we plod,
 If with heart of the angels we plan.

Chorus: For the Truth and the Right,
 For the Truth and the Right and
 the Love!

It is wings, as we plod,
 If with heart of the angels we plan.

Here's a welcome to all who will stand
 For the Truth and the Right and the
 Love!

Not a soul on the earth shall be banned
 Whom the heavens will welcome above

Chorus: For their Truth and their Right,
 For their Truth and their Right and
 their Love!

Not a soul shall be banned
 Whom the heavens will welcome
 above!

W. O. GANNETT.

34. What I Live For.

Tune, "Sunday-School Army", in "Sunny Side", 72.

I live for those who love me,
 For those who hold me true,
 For heaven that smiles above me
 And waits my helping, too;
 For all human ties that bind me,
 For the bright hopes left behind me,
 And the good that I can do.

Chorus: For the cause that lacks assist-
 ance,

For the wrongs that need resist-
 ance,

For the future in the distance,
 And the good that I can do.

For all human ties that bind me,
 For the bright hopes left behind
 me,

And the good that I can do.

I live to hold communion
 With all that is divine,
 To feel there is a union
 Between God's will and mine;
 For the task that God assigned me
 In the place where it shall find me,
 And the good that I can do.

I live to hail the season,
 By noble hearts foretold,
 When men shall live by reason,
 And not alone for gold;
 When, man to man united,
 Every wrong thing shall be righted,
 The earth an Eden old.

DR. BANGS (*Altered*).

35. Love Makes Life.

Tune, "Hold the Fort", in G. H., 14.

Not a life so mean or lowly
 But, if love is there,
 Both ingrowing and outflowing,
 May be strong and fair.

Chorus: Love for every unloved creature,
 Lonely, poor or small;
 Christ was born to show how truly
 Love makes life for all.

Not a life so high in station
 But without love's breath—
 Neither giving nor receiving—
 Is a living death.

Love by love alone is ripened;
 Hearts through it grow true;
 Life is bounded, filled and rounded
 By its power to do.

Having love, be sure to give it;
 Give it, having not;
 For in living through our giving
 Share we Christ's own lot.

ELLEN T. LEONARD.

36. Tell me the Old, Old Story.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 37.

Tell me the old, old story to lift my heart
above,

Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his
love.

Tell me the story simply, as to a little
child,

For I am weak and wayward and oft am
sin-defiled.

Chorus: Tell me the old, old story; tell
me the old, old story;

Tell me the old, old story, of
Jesus and his love.

Tell me the story softly with earnest tones
and grave,

That I, like him, may struggle for all that's
high and brave;

Tell me the story, tell it, to shame me from
the fear

That God's own truth and beauty can ever
cost too dear.

Tell me the story slowly the world has
heard so long,

As fresh to-day as ever to save a heart from
wrong;

Tell it in noble measures, tell it to every
soul,

Tell us the old, old story, and it shall make
us whole.

Altered.

37. I Love to Tell the Story.

Tune of same name, in G. H., 39.

I love to tell the story—it lifts the heart
above—

Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his
love;

I love to tell the story because I know how
true

It helps me in my struggles and quickens
me anew.

Chorus: I love to tell the story of Man-
hood in its glory,

To tell the old, old story of Jesus
and his love.

I love to tell the story; more wonderful it
seems

Than all our mythic fancies and all our
golden dreams.

I love to tell that story of dauntless sac-
rifice,

Where one man serves God simply and
for his brother dies.

I love to tell the story; it stirs one to re-
peat

What seems each time we tell it more mar-
velously sweet.

I love to tell the story the better yet to
learn

How perfect self-forgetting doth God's
high heaven earn.

I love to sing the story, for they who know
it best

Are those who with him labor for the
weary and oppressed;

And ever down the ages we hear their
swelling song,—

'Tis but the old, old story the world has
loved so long.

Chorus: O let us sing the story of Man-
hood in its glory—

Yes, sing the old, old story of
Jesus and his love.

Altered.

38. The Living Word.

Tune, "Whosoever Will", in G. H., 10.

Shining thoughts that ever human speech
have starred

Make the sacred scriptures that the ages
guard;

Be it word of prophet, be it song of bard,
Every truth is Holy Writ.

Chorus: Quickly dies the day,
Nations fade away,

But the truth made manifest shall live for
aye!

With the light of Sinai each new morn is
lit,—

Every truth is Holy Writ.

Down to every nation from the faithful
past

Comes the trust of adding new truth to
the last,

That the future's fee grow vaster and more
vast:

Every truth is Holy Writ.

Every life lived nobly, even though un-
known,

Addeth to the scripture graven not on
stone.

Be it word or action, be it thought alone,
Every truth is Holy Writ.

LILY A. LONG.

39. The Holy Truth.

Tune, "Coronation", in G. H., 101.

The holy Truth shall make you wise,
Though simple you may be;

But, ere her light can greet your eyes
She first must make you free.

The holy Truth shall make you bold,
 All fearful though you be;
 But, if she find your courage cold,
 She first must make you free.

The holy Truth shall make you glad,
 Though deep your griefs may be:
 To pour her joys upon the sad,
 She first must make them free.

The holy Truth shall make you great,
 How small soe'er you be:
 To raise you to her high estate,
 She first must make you free.

Thus wisdom, courage, strength, and grace
 The gifts of Truth shall be,
 If gazing on her glorious face
 Hath made your spirits free.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN (*Altered*).

40. The Truth Goes Marching On.

Tune, "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah."

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet the
 Truth alone is strong,
 And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see
 around her throng
 Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield
 her from all wrong:
 The Truth goes marching on!

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong for-
 ever on the throne,—
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,
 behind the dim unknown,
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
 watch above his own:
 The Truth goes marching on!

Not a Calvary but signals how some gen-
 eration learned
 One new word of that grand Credo which
 in prophet hearts hath burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered
 with his face to heaven upturned:
 The Truth goes marching on!

Once to every man and nation comes the
 moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood for
 the good or evil side:
 O, be swift, my soul, to answer,—with thy
 Lord be crucified!
 The Truth goes marching on!

J. R. LOWELL (*Altered*).

41. A New Crusade.

Tune, "Give me the Wings of Faith" ("Tenting To-night"), in G. H., 165.

Not alone to the days of the storied past
 Do noble deeds belong;
 To-day may make us heroes true
 As those of olden song.

Chorus: Stainless be our shield as the
 smile of the light,
 When the shadows melt to day;
 Blue as sky of June shall be the
 banner bright
 We give the winds to play,
 For the Right is strong,
 Fears no coward Wrong,
 Conquering with courage gay!

We will fight on the side of the good and
 glad,
 Disloyal count a fear;
 And deepest laws of heavenly Truth
 Shall work in us to cheer.

And men shall see that the Right is Joy,
 Though Death may be its cost!
 That though we fail, his Right shall win,—
 No field of God is lost!

LILY A. LONG.

42. Coming.

Tune, "Sweet By-and-By", in G. H., 204.

There's a Hope that is fairer than day,
 And it brightens the earth and the sky,—
 We may scatter our seed by the way,
 For the harvest will come by and by.

Cho.: For we hope in the Lord,
 And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Faith that is truer than sight,
 And it leads us through pathways un-
 known;

Not a sparrow can fall in the night,
 Not a soul can be lost from its own.

Cho.: For we trust in the Lord,
 And his kingdom will come by and by!

There's a Love that is deeper than all,
 And it pulses in life everywhere:
 Neither failure nor loss can befall,
 When we rest in the Infinite Care.

Cho.: For we live in the Lord,
 And his kingdom will come by and by!

EMMA E. MAREAN.

43. Good shall Conquer, Never Fear.

Tune, "Triumph By-and-By", G. H., 289.

Be we the courage-bringers !
Let laugh the bells, O ringers !
Earth's hero-hearts and singers
 Promise peace.
Despair and grief why borrow ?
The world needs joy, not sorrow ;
Work gladly for the morrow,—
 Work shall cease.

Chor.: Never fear ! Light is growing !
Never fear ! Truth is flowing
Where humanity shall 'share it,—
 Never fear !
Never fear ! clouds are fleeing ;
Never fear ! men are seeing
That the good at last shall conquer,—
 Never fear !

With hope and high endeavor
Earth's saints have striven ever
The bonds of ill to sever,—
 We may trust !
The might of Jesus' preaching,
The Prince of India's teaching,
All Plato's forward reaching,—
 Win they must !

Man is still onward striving,
All happy Art is thriving,
The Age of Good arriving,—
 Give it scope !
The heights of being call us ;
If doubt nor fear appall us
Life's splendor shall befall us,—
 Work and hope !

JAMES H. WEST.

44. The Crowning Day.

Tune, "The Crowning Day", in G. H., 416.

The morning hangs its signal
Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
In silent darkness rest ;
From peak to peak it flashes,
It laughs along the sky—
That the crowning day is coming by and by !
Chorus: Oh, the crowning day is coming,
 Is coming by and by !
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky.

And that splendor on the hill-tops
O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's coming
by and by !

Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise—
The truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes ;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by !

The soul hath lifted moments
Above the drift of days,
When life's great meaning breaketh
In sunrise on our ways ;
From hour to hour it haunts us,
The vision draweth nigh,
Till it crowneth living, *dying*, by and by !

And in the sunrise standing,
Our kindling hearts confess
That no good thing is failure,
No evil thing success !
From age to age it groweth,
That radiant Faith so high,
And its crowning day is coming, by and by !

W. C. GANNETT.

45. Home, Sweet Home.

Tune in F. Sq., 5.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may
 roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 Home :
A charm from the skies seems to hallow
 us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met
with elsewhere.

Chorus: Home ! Home ! Sweet, sweet
 Home !
There is no place like Home,
There is no place like Home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in
 vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage
 again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my
 call,—
Give me them with that peace of mind
dearer than all.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

46.

America.

Tune in F. Sq., 30. (S. S., 89.—H. T., 784.)

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,—
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let Freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—
 Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love:
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song!
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break—
 The sound prolong!

Our father's God, to thee,
 Author of Liberty,—
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright

With Freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

S. F. SMITH.

47. Auld Lang Syne.

Tune in F. Sq., 104. (H. T., 839.)

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call;
 They throng the silence of the breast;
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God, for evermore!

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

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"The Things Most Commonly Believed To-day among us."

Part of the Declaration concerning Fellowship and Faith adopted by five-sixths of the delegates at the Western Unitarian Conference in 1887,—the Declaration being prefaced by the following resolution: "*Resolved, THAT, AS THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE HAS NEITHER THE WISH NOR THE RIGHT TO BIND A SINGLE MEMBER BY DECLARATIONS CONCERNING FELLOWSHIP OR DOCTRINE, IT YET THINKS SOME PRACTICAL GOOD MAY BE DONE BY SETTING FORTH IN SIMPLE WORDS THE THINGS MOST COMMONLY BELIEVED TO-DAY AMONG US,—THE STATEMENT BEING ALWAYS OPEN TO RE-STATEMENT, AND TO BE REGARDED ONLY AS THE THOUGHT OF THE MAJORITY.*"

For the whole of this Declaration, see "Unity Short Tract, No. 17."

We believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion:

We hold reason and conscience to be final authorities in matters of religious belief:

We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new:

We revere Jesus and all holy souls that have taught men truth and righteousness and love, as prophets of religion:

We believe in the growing nobility of Man:

We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order; to know this Order is truth; to obey it is right, and liberty, and stronger life:

We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure and no evil thing success; that heaven and hell are states of being; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that all things work together for the victory of Good:

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all:

We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in man the sense of union, here and now, with things eternal—the sense of deathlessness; and this sense is to us an earnest of a life to come:

We worship One-in-All,—that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought,—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God,—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name—the Eternal God, our Father.

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